

The Pocahontas Times.

Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,

\$1.00 A Year

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THOROUGHBRED PERCHERON,
TALAMACUS STALLION
Will make the Season of 1905 in the same territory traveled by me the past three years. He is a young, finely built animal. Insurance \$6.00.
R. F. WILLIAMS,
Mill Gap, Va.

A Contrast.
[From Byron's "Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte," on the announcement of his abdication.]
'Tis done—but yesterday a King,
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So abject yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewn our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive!
Since he miscaled the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far!
Ill-mind man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed no law the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With night unquestioned—power
to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness.
Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away.
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor dreamed I could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.
Where may the varied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor dispicable state?
Yes, one!—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnati of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

THE NOCTURNAL COW.
With the opening up of my spring movements in the agricultural line comes the cow.
Laramie has about seven cows that annoy me a good deal. They work me up so that I lose my equanimity. I have mentioned this matter before, but this spring the trouble seems to have assumed some new features. The prevailing color for this season seems to be a seal-brown cow with a stub tail, which is arranged as a night-key. She wears it banded.
The other day I had just planted my celluloid radishes and irrigated my royal Bengal turnips and sown my hunting-case summer squashes, and this cow went by trying to convey the impression that she was out for a walk.
That night the blow fell. The queen of night was high in the blue vault of heaven amid the twinkling stars. All nature was hushed to repose. The people of Laramie were in their beds. So were my hunting-case summer squashes. I heard a stealthy step near the conservatory where my cultivated radishes and pickled beets are growing, and I arose.
It was a lovely sight. At the head of the procession there was a seal-brown cow with a tail like the handle on a pump, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees.
That was the cow.
Following at a rapid gait was a bewitching picture of alabaster limbs and Gothic joints and Wametta muslin night robe.
That was me.
The queen of night withdrew behind a cloud.
The vision seemed to break her all up.
Bye-and-bye there was a crash, and the seal brown cow went home carrying the garden gate with her as a kind of keepeeke. She had a plenty of garden gate with her as a kind of keepeeke. She had a plenty of garden gates at home in her collection, but she had none of that particular pattern. So she wore it home around her neck.
The writer of these lines then

REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.
An April Morning in Camp Among the Soldiers.
As stated previously, General Edward Johnston, on the move from Camp Allegheny to camp Shenandoah, in early April, 1862, halted two days at McDowell, Virginia. The tents were pitched in the fields between the village and Sitlington's around the brick church and along the banks of the Bull Pasture.
I spent the most of one forenoon mingling freely among the soldiers and noticed how they were passing the time in camp, which was April 11th.
The morning was surprisingly bright and pleasant after quite a period of cloud and rain, and all seemed infused with refreshed bodily vigor and buoyancy of spirits; hence a more animated scene would be hard to imagine than what presented itself throughout the McDowell Camp, and I occupied several hours in taking in as much as possible.
My attention was first drawn to quite a crowd gathering around a group of ladies on horseback coming in from the lower Bull Pasture, bringing new clothes—"nice things," such as pies, sweet cakes and fresh maple sugar for their friends, sons and brothers. Along with these visitors was a half grown boy riding a hard-mouthed mule that had never seen the military previously and was fast becoming unmanageable, so much so that he whirled around and threw up his heels, whereupon the rider fell off, heels over head, to the great amusement of the bystanders.
Pretty soon a pert young volunteer proposed to ride "the thing," and break him in for the boy. This was agreed to by all present, but no sooner had he mounted than the donkey tucked his ears between his forelegs and pitched the soldier over his head into a thorn bush. This exploit was followed by yells of boisterous merriment. Such was the eagerness of the soldiers in this part of the encampment to converse with their lady friends and to see the fun that the guards had considerable trouble to keep all within the lines. One of them playfully called out at the top of his voice, "All women and mules must come inside the lines or leave." Whereupon one of the women, with a visage as grim as Minerva herself, fiercely rejoined, "I suppose then, sir, you put women and mules on an equality, do you?"
The applause was uproarious, which, along with her fierce looks and sharp tongue caused the whickered, gallant guard to look rather crest-fallen.
It turned out that he was a gentleman, and politely explained to her the difficulty of keeping his men in the lines as he was ordered to do.
Whereupon the matron grimly smiled and took her place with the others inside the lines.
The purpose of her visit to camp was to give her boys the nice presents she had prepared with a mother's assiduous care, pathetically saying that these might be the last she could ever give to them. In the meanwhile a sun-bright tear coursed its way down her sun-browned, careworn face.
In another part of the encampment were large groups of the younger soldiers recently mustered in amusing themselves with games of ball like so many school boys. Some were playing "paddle ball," others "shoot buck," and when good hit or strike was made peals of joyous laughter gladdened the ear.
In some of the tents ten-month veterans were busy with their cards, too much absorbed to notice who might be around, so deeply interested where a few shin-plasters were at stake.
In another spacious, handsome tent vocal music was heard as several manly voices blended in the singing of a hymn, parts of which I hope to remember with special interest long as memory may be spared me. One or more of the

singers I had heard at Grateson and I'll be ten months previously, as I believed at the moment.
"There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its sorrows are over—
A place which the Lord to me will give.
And then I shall sorrow no more!
That blessed place is my Father's land.
And all its delights I explore!
Come! favor my flight, angelic band,
And wait me in peace to the shore."
As I slowly went about I passed many around the camp fires preparing dinner, cooking meat, baking bread, brewing coffee and boiling peas or beans. Elsewhere new recruits were at drill, most of them in homespun, and having mountain rifles.
The drill master read the manual to them from a book, much to the diversion of the veterans of ten months' service, who were present to criticize the performances of the "newly mustered."
The most veteran however of the veterans was a frisky Lieutenant, whose arm was still sore from a wound in the Allegheny fight in December previously. His sensibilities were much shocked at hearing the manual exercise read to the soldiers instead of being repeated from memory, and it was not long until he turned away, and I have not forgotten his scornful look as he left, squinting tobacco juice from his gargoly replenished quid.
Next to fix my attention was to notice several of the soldier boys in ragged uniforms promenading arm in arm, trying to find out, as they said, who might be the prettiest girls on the grounds.
It was evident they were much pleased with themselves, and the girls, too. And may I say, the girls were pleased by their attentions, could their observations be relied on, which they confidentially made to each other from time to time, when they thought no one was listening.
A little farther on I came to quite a crowd gathered about a volunteer wearing a coat perforated with bullet holes. He had been desperately wounded in action, and had just rejoined his company, anxious for another brush, as "I am now bullet proof. Two bullets are never known to hit in the same place."
After leaving the "bullet proof" soldier with my congratulations, I passed near a party listening to a fiddler. Two of the number were so enthused by the music—"Such a gitten up stairs," that they cleared a ring and danced, much to the entertainment of their comrades. Some one however put in a word about "Uncle Abe" having a way of making them dance better than what they were doing before long if they didn't mind.
Thus, in meeting and parting with friends from home, playing ball, shuffling cards, making sport of new recruits and their reading drill master, jesting with the girls, swearing oaths, telling big tales about battles, singing hymns, dancing reels, cooking rations, mending and washing clothes, drying blankets, and doing nothing, the time wore away.
I now began to think of leaving—go to my room, where I might reflect on what all this meant, that I had seen this world in miniature, as it were, and so to number this day as to apply my mind to the wisdom to be learned therefrom. Before passing the guards however I noticed a young man reclining on a blanket, just outside a tent, evidently in abstracted mood, a far-away expression on his features, and was taking little if any interest in what was passing around him. Upon recognizing him a flood of interesting associations at once welled up in my memory. Two years before, in the month of April, he had me come from the Warm Springs, Virginia, to his home in upper Pocahontas, to officiate at his marriage.
It seemed to be an instance of the first and only love between the parties mutually; the groom just twenty-one and the bride eighteen. Hundreds of times had this marriage recurred to my imagination since that happy evening in April, 1860, as they appeared

SLATY FORK.
Add Lang Zine informs me
At boasting I'm inclined,
But think I havon't took his trade,
Just at the present time.
There's things instilled within
His head we know that isn't so,
And things that isn't in his head,
We think that he should know.
For truth he ever means to stand,
And hopes he'll keep his word,
And not with such a rival hand
Write things that are absurd.
To make the scholars mind the rule
Is what we are going to do,
And were he sending his to school
He'd have a right to chew.
A hard one, though, but have his name
In Grecian history signed,
So all the world could learn of him,
Like Homer—who was blind.
Me thinks he's failed to rhyme
his song—
The tune it doesn't suit!
It has an air of Auld, Joe Clark
Or a North Dakota beauty.

HYPNOTISM.
Time upon time have we heard
of the power of the human eye
upon what we are pleased to term
the lower animal creation; how
savage dogs and fierce wild animals
have been transfixed by
steadfastly gazing into their eyes.
We have always intended trying
it, but whenever the opportunity
presented itself the dog was in-
variably too big and mad, or the
picket fence not quite high enough.
Besides it is not right to expend a
body's energy nor waste the
strength we should be so thankful
for and careful of in an endeavor
for which clubs and stones are
especially created.

CHATTAHOOCHEE.
Business is on a boom.
It has been rather rainy and
disagreeable the past week.
C. W. Brady has suffered very
much with the white swelling, but
he is now able to get around.
Miss Mary Woodell, Miss Min-
nie Woodell, and Henry Dodrill
were in our midst last week.
Our Literary is progressing
finely now.
J. G. Simmons made a flying
trip over to Mr. Wymer's Satur-
day. He is an intelligent young
man. He is progressing fine with
his school at Chhattahocchee.
Nelson Brady's attention seems
to be turned towards Trough
Springs now. I think he is going
to take an option on the coal of
that section of the country.
Granvill Brady says it is too
late to plant corn—he is done.
Marian Ware is in our village
this week.
George Beal has been very ill
for some time.
Cecil Sharp was over to his
uncle's, B. Wamsley, Sunday.
He reports his cattle doing fine.
Hanson Beal has returned from
Webster. He has gone into the
flower business—such as roses and
sweet williams, but he says sweet
williams is the greatest demand in
market.
Job Work a Specialty.

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The present bear has his home in the Black Mountain and crosses over Williams River to the farming country by the Dutch Bottom. There is an apple tree standing in the Dutch bottom that he has bit and scratched for three years in succession.
Bear sign is very plentiful on the headwaters of North Fork of Cranberry and on Black Mountain Run which heads up against it. Paths are to be found, logs torn apart; places where roots have been dug from the ground, and many other signs. To observe the woods it would seem to indicate that dozens of bears had their habitat there, and there can be no question but that the bears are on the increase very rapidly.
It is admitted that one bear does the sheep killing and any one who could rid the neighborhood of him would be of great service.
A good way to protect sheep is to keep lanterns burning all night at different places in the pasture. This plan was successfully pursued by a large sheep raiser who suffered no loss.

slightest more the animal would run away or possibly spring upon him. Keeping his eye on the brute he cut off the patchon, slipped out the ramrod and pushed the bullet down the gun until it stuck. No amount of pushing would budge it, and he was afraid to shoot lest the gun would burst. The situation became a trying one for the hunter, but he thought he would risk a sudden move and bounced his ramrod against the bullet, and it chambered. The varment maintained its position until the gun was swung around to put on the cap. Then it bowed its back and began to slide off. When but a few yards distant it was shot and instantly killed.
The question naturally arises, was the catamount trying on a little game of bluff and had its hand called when the hunter stood his ground, or really did it fully intend to rend the hunter and just naturally could not after it had caught the unwinking gaze as the man reached into his shot pouch for his hurting knife and had nerved himself for a clawing match.
We have never seen anything sower before the stern gaze of our eagle eye, as yet, but are in hopes for the future. We are, of a consequence, inclined to the belief that animals are near enough kin to human beings to be about ninety-nine per cent what is so expressively implied by the word bluff, that they are ready to knuckle under when a body puts up a bigger one.
There is something evidently in the power of the hypnotic eye theory, but there is more in the self-reliant posture, and the strong and big stick reality.